

# **The First Date (Or, The First Real Date, Anyway) by ghiblitrterritory**

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**Summary:**

Mike hasn't really considered dates before. But, he's willing to try them out for her.

for Mileven Week 2018

## **The First Date (Or, The First Real Date, Anyway)**

Their first date hadn't been... a normal first date, to say the least.

Mike hadn't really bothered with dates. Considering how little time they spent together to begin with, he saw every minute with her as a date. Besides, dates in reality were too much, took a lot of planning, and felt unnecessary. So he'd never really thought of official dates.

But, Eleven had. She always seemed to be thinking about how different they were from other couples they saw out in the world. She mimicked what she saw in other relationships. He never minded- he thought it was sweet. But there was something in it that made him feel bad that he wasn't like the other guys.

So, Mike sat down and planned something for them. Nothing really big. Just a little thing for them to do, a real date.

It happened while Mike's parents were out of town. They were off to some business trip his dad had to go on, and ever since some unspoken event, they hadn't trusted each other enough to be apart. They left early on a Friday, giving Mike enough time to make it all work. He basically bribed Nancy to go out with Jonathan and stay out, and he'd let Holly stay with Joyce (she'd been having a weird phase of baby fever recently, and he figured that they would both have fun). Then, he made sure everything was perfect. His house was spotless- it almost looked like no one even lived there. Mike set everything up in the basement, dragging their old TV down and hooking it up along with their VCR. A stack of tapes sat in front of it.

Mike was pretty damn excited. And proud.

A gentle knock at the door was enough to send him running back upstairs, turning sharply all over the house and barely being able to stop himself before he got to the door. He checked a mirror beside the coat rack, making sure his hair wasn't wild and that he didn't look like a slob, and then he opened the door.

Eleven, as always, was stunning. She had her hair- which was getting longer and longer- tied up, and she wore something that vaguely reminded him of that old pink dress they had slapped her in. Mike had to make sure he kept breathing right while he looked at her. She blinked at him for the few seconds where neither of them said anything, and smiled.

"Hi?"

Mike snapped out of his daze, grinning sheepishly.

"Hey. Hi. Sorry, I just-" "Got distracted." Eleven said. He nodded in admittance, and stepped back so she could glide in. He made sure to lock the door before going to stand next to her. She gazed around the house, probably amazed that it was so clean, and looked back at Mike with a curious glint in her eyes. "So, what were you thinking we could do? And where is everyone?" "My parents are out of town, and my sisters are doing all sorts of fun stuff." Mike shrugged.

Eleven couldn't help but snicker a little. "Sure, your five year old baby sister is just out on the town."

Mike bit back a smile and wrapped his arms around her, tugging her close. "Are you complaining about having the house to ourselves?" He asked. Eleven bit her lip. "No, I'm not. But if you only got them out of here for one thing-" "El, come on, do I seem like the kind of guy to kick everyone out *just* for something like that?" "Yes."

He made a hurt face, and she laughed, kissing his cheek and stepping back. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding- I know you wouldn't. But, seriously, what's the plan? Or, is there even a plan?"

Mike felt a little jolt of excitement run through him, and he grabbed Eleven's hand without saying anything, leading her down to the basement. He really had to hold back his grin there. He took his time, pulling her a little and letting go for a split second to run and stand in the middle. Watching her come down, he swore the look on her face just made it all worth it. "Mike..."

The basement barely looked like it used to. He'd pinned up all the sheets and blankets, extending the size of his fort to surround almost everything. The TV sat in the middle of it all, in front of a pile of cushions. There were already snacks prepared for them, too.

To say he had gone all out was an understatement.

"What do you think?" Mike asked, rocking on his heels a little. "It didn't take that long to set up, and I figured that going out or doing anything fancy might be too much for both of it. So, I thought maybe we could just stay here tonight and watch some movies you haven't seen. I have all the good stuff- All the Star Wars movies, E.T., Creepshow- and I got all kinds of snacks! Anything you like, including Eggos because honestly, what would life be like for you without those-"

He was cut off from his rambling by something on his lips, and he barely had a second to register the kiss Eleven was giving him. But he returned it after it finally dawned on him, and the two basically melted together until they finally had to breathe. The smile on her lips was wide. "Mike, it's perfect. I couldn't ask for anything else."

Mike's cheeks heated up, and within no time, they were snuggled up with an endless stream of movies. Sometimes they payed attention. Sometimes they didn't. But regardless, they had a good time. Even when the movies were over, the clock read three o'clock in the morning, and they were hidden under sheets in Mike's room.

Nothing could have been better.